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THE SEGNOCGRAM

IV. July, 1905

Number 4

SMILE AND HUSTLE

(With apologies to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Smile and the world smiles with you,
"Knock," and you go alone;
For the cheerful grin will let you in
Where the kicker is never known;
Growl, and the way looks dreary,
Laugh, and the way looks bright;
For a welcome smile brings sunshine, while
A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you attain nothing,
Work, and the prize is won;
For the nervy man with backbone can
By nothing be outdone;
Hustle, and fortune awaits you,
Shirk, and defeat is sure;
For there's no chance of deliverance
To the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and the world's harmonious,
Grumble, and things go wrong;
And all the time you are out of rhyme
With the busy, bustling throng;
Kick, and there's trouble brewing,
Whistle, and life is gay;
And the world's in tune like a day in June,
And the clouds all melt away.

JUSTICE

By W. G. MINOR

As the bird skims the surface of the lake, merely dipping the tips of its wings, so we can only touch upon a subject so broad and deep in one writing.

The highest word in the universe, and the foundation of all truth, is Justice.

Volumes might be written upon it without exhausting the theme in all its ramifications; and yet, it simply means Balance—Equability.

It is represented by a woman, holding in her right hand a two edged sword at rest, and with her left is poised a pair of balancing scales. Her eyes are blindfolded to merey and sympathy, and the sword says plainly "an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth." Upon this phase of the subject we do not care to dwell; it savors too much of revenge. The other side is more beautiful, inspiring and elevating. Let us rivet our mental gaze upon those scales (which the woman holds on the side next her heart) and cast about us for weights that may cause them to dip and rise in the effort at equipoise.

Our ideas of Justice differ in the same manner as we have different notions of weights and measures and values in our dealings with each other, but there is always a way to generalize matters by an application of the principles of the Golden Rule.

Now, the Golden Rule may be compared to the carpenter's two-foot rule, with its four equal divisions:

1. Do unto myself absolute justice.
2. Do unto others as I would do unto myself.
3. Do unto others as I would have them do unto themselves, and
4. Do unto others as I would have them do unto me.

This would also form the four sides of a square; so that a person who makes those principles the rule for the activities of life may be said to be "on the square."

Justice is fair play; and "fair play is a jewel." Justice in our bodies demands an equitable exercise of all the organs, faculties and functions.

Justice is a law, which operates independently of man, and to which we must conform.

Our every act and effort, aye, even our every conscious and intentional thought, is a weight in the scales of Justice.

Nature's efforts are always toward an equilibrium. Only in the perfect equipoise of the scales is absolute Justice. When extremes follow each other it is Justice trying to find its equipoise. Only in moderation is found the equability of Justice.

If our efforts are directed in a manner derogatory to the welfare of our fellowmen, the Law of Justice will compensate itself in a retro-action of the same or similar forces against us, and while we may thus accumulate money, somewhere and somehow in the unknown future the scales must balance. Not that money is to be lost sight of; it is only justice that to those who devote the energies of their lives to the elevation of mankind and the betterment of their conditions there should come a recompense having a remunerative value commensurate with their abilities and services, and should be ample to insure success in the accomplishment of their noble aims.

If we carry into effect the principles of justice (not revenge) in our dealings with others, the law itself will act in a compensatory manner by inclining others to accord to us a fuller justice.

It is for us to choose the quality of the weights we cast into the scales. If we choose the right we are the gainers. By wrong choice we are losers. For true progress we must choose the right, relying upon the law of Justice for that balance and equability which will bring about a true and proper compensation. When this right choice, by a continuous practice, becomes habit, we may term it right choice-ness, righteousness. The act of making the right choice is righteousness.

"With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," is a law universal.

"Compensation fails not in its dealings with prince or serf." If our thoughts for our fellowman are truly those of charity and good will, our actions are modified thereby, and compensation will cause to gather about us thoughts of the same nature from others. A charitable thought or kind act is never lost. It is eternal justice that causes like to attract like. "The Father's Love is measured by justice, and his justice is the result of that Love which gives birth to perfect Law."

The Child to the Father.

By Robert Bridges.


FATHER, it's your love that safely guides me;
Always it's around me, night and day
It shelters me, and soothes, but never chides me—
Yet, father, there's a shadow in my way.

All the day, my father, I am playing
Under trees where sunbeams dance and dart—
But often just at night when I am praying
I feel this awful hunger in my heart.


Father, there is something—it has missed me—
I've felt it through my little days and years;
And even when you petted me and kissed me
I've cried myself to sleep with burning tears.

To-day I saw a child and mother walking,
I caught a gentle shining in her eye,
And music in her voice when she was talking—
Oh, father, is it *that* that makes me cry?

Oh, never can I put my arms around her,
Or never cuddle closer in the night;
Mother, oh, my mother!—I've not found her—
I look for her and cry from dark to light!



THE RIGHT MAN TO MARRY



Many girls with sweethearts will read this, but I doubt whether one in a hundred will think that she needs advice on the subject. It is our custom to believe in our own judgment, and to think that every other girl is incapable of looking after her own affairs. Each girl believes she knows to a fraction how much love her sweetheart has for her; she believes so until marriage, then she knows for certain how matters stand.

To know what a great and wonderful mystery is Love, and how easy it is to be mated unhappily, one has only to read the stories of the thousands of miserable husbands and wives that are spread broadcast over the world.

Marry Mr. Right, and life is sweet to you in poverty, sickness or wealth; mate with Mr. Wrong, and existence is one long sorrow.

It is common failing with us to despise somewhat the girl who has had half a dozen sweethearts. This is hardly fair, unless we are sure that the young lady is a flirt.

It is possible for a girl to find pleasing qualities in half a dozen men, and to find on better acquaintance that not one of the six is quite the sort she would care to marry. At the risk of being called a flirt, she does well to entertain no thought of marriage with a man whose habits displease her, or who has lasting faults that she could never put up with in a husband.

After all, it is a simple matter to tell if a man cares for you, and if you care for him. But you cannot arrive at a proper decision unless you are calm and dispassionate.

Mr. Right loves you, and shows it in words and actions that are unmistakable to a woman. What pleases you may not always please him, but he willingly makes it his for your sake, unless it is something very frivolous. He never ceases to respect you nor to think of you. He makes appointments and keeps them.

He hears all you say, and remembers the scenery you like, the books you like, your pet aversions and your chief delights. Your birthdays are days to be remembered with him. The trivial things you mention in conversation are stored up in his memory, and used to show his love for you.

Mr. Right is never the man to dance with other girls when you are waiting for him. He never takes you to museums, forgetting that you hate such places. The tie that you dislike is never worn again by him in your presence, and the people who do not interest you cease to be a topic of conversation. Quarrels arise over trivial things, but they become of short duration with Mr. Right. It becomes the object of his life to give you everything you wish for and to make you happy, for then you are most adorable in his eyes.

When a man loves a woman nothing that he does irritates or annoys her if she cares for him in return. So constant and true is he that she cannot doubt him, she can only wonder sometimes if she is worthy of being loved, for we are all sinners.

The obvious sign of Mr. Wrong's presence is doubt in the mind of his beloved. Doubt is born of things that displease, and its appearance proves us to be dissatisfied.

You are not loved truly when your letters remain unanswered, and the fact worries you. Mr. Wrong is the man who trifles with your affections, and is only lovable when he feels like it.

The marriages that so often turn out badly are those between couples who are mere acquaintances, with just a liking for one another. In courtship days they may steer clear of quarrels, but the girl with her eyes open would see that she was not loved as she should be by the man with whom her whole life had to be passed.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY

"Do you know the cause of most railway accidents?" asked a Division Superintendent on the Lake Shore of me the other day, as we were waiting on the platform at Ashtabula.

"What causes most accidents? Why, disobedience of orders," I answered.

"You are only partially right—the cause lies deeper. Why should a railway employee disobey orders? Why should an engineer run past the station where he is ordered to stop?—it is his own life he endangers most. Why should a train-dispatcher send out two trains facing each other on one track? Or why should a switch-tender throw a switch in front of a fast express?"

"You call these accidents,—but that is not the word—they are the result of wrong mental conditions; and this wrong condition is usually domestic infelicity.

"Do you remember when two trains met, head-on, out in Indiana last year? The engineer of one of those trains had in his pocket an order to take the side-track at a certain station. He ran by that station at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and in five minutes there was a crash that snuffed out fifty-four lives and \$200,000 worth of property.

"I knew the engineer. Let us call him Hank Bristol, for that wasn't his name. He was married to a smashing, dashing, beautiful creature, and they boarded at a hotel—had no children. I boarded there, too, and we all made eyes at Hank's handsome wife. She used to play the piano and sing a little, and recite. The love of one plain, honest man was not enough for her—she craved the admiration of the clever. She wasn't a bad woman—just an idle one, one who spent every spare cent Hank made, on finery, and, of course, wanted the finery and herself admired.

"Hank was proud of her, too. One evening he kissed the dear creature good-bye and started out to make a night run. He went to the round-house, and at the last moment the Ol' Man decided to save Hank back and let him take out a special carrying the President and Directors of the road, in the morning. Hank was tickled. It was a great compliment to him. He went home to tell his wife—he used to tell her everything.

"But when he got home, she wasn't there—she had gone to the theatre with a boot and shoe drummer.

"Hank went away and walked the street all night—his wife never knew, and I believe she doesn't yet. He walked the streets all night, and ran out the special in the morning.

"But after that he was never the same. He used to confide in me—he just had to tell someone to keep his heart from bursting.

"He grew absent-minded, lost flesh, appetite gone, was nervous—the doctor said he should quit coffee and cut out half the tobacco.

"I knew what was the matter, he was jealous. I told him so—and he laughed a laugh that gave me goose-flesh. 'I jealous? Why, Bill, you don't know me—I jealous? The idea! No, I'm only mad at myself, Bill, because I'm married to a damned fool of a woman, who makes my heart eat itself out with grief because she lives on the fringe of folly. Why don't I leave her! My God! Bill, that is the trouble—I can't—I love her!'

"Hank didn't work on our road or I'd never have let him touch a throttle-valve, even if he had been my brother. I knew it would come. He was found under his engine, the order that he had disobeyed in his pocket, and a picture in his watch of the woman who caused the disaster. No, it probably has never dawned upon this woman that she caused the wreck. She wore deep mourning, and the cutest little black bonnet with a white ruche. She was the most fetching widow you ever saw, and she knew it.

"Yes; that is what I said—marital infelicity causes the railroad wrecks and most others, too.

"The only safe man is one whose heart is at rest—who has a home, and a wife who stays there and minds her business, looks after the babies, has no secrets, and does not make eyes at other men—that's the kind! I know every man that works for me, and I know a disturbed, distressed and jealous man a train-length away. My heart bleeds for him, but I serve the public and none such can run an engine for me.

"Do you see that man in the blue overalls down there at the end of the platform? Well,

he is the engineer who will take out this train. See how calm, satisfied and self-possessed he is; he has no cares, no anxieties beyond the desire to do his work well. See him now walking around his engine, lovingly looking it over. He is not so awfully brilliant, but he will never disappoint you. Now, when we start, about two miles out, you will hear the engine give three soft toots, and over to the left, a little woman will come out of a white cottage and wave her apron!"

The conductor called "All aboard!" The bell clanged warningly, we stepped into the coach and the train started. We had reached the outskirts of the town and were skimming along at the rate of 30 miles an hour.

The engine gave three short, soft whistles. I saw the white cottage, a woman standing on the back porch with children holding on to her skirts all 'round—she was waving a big check apron!

"What did I tell you?" asked the Superintendent—"that man's heart is at rest—he will never forget an order—he is safe; his mind is free, so he does his work! He is at peace with the world. You can always trust a man who honestly loves and is loved honestly."—The Philistine.

LITTLE SECRETS OF MARRIED HAPPINESS

In the good old days before women were emancipated they were content to stay at home and minister to the needs of their lord, their children and their household. Matinees, summer sales and afternoon teas were unknown. Our grandmothers were not always racking their brains for some fresh diversion, some new way of killing time. They lived simple, healthy, frugal lives, and (in spite of the swooning they are represented in the novels of the period as indulging in) had a more tranquil nervous system.

The woman of today is constantly craving for excitement. If she be of the lower middle class she passes her nights in heated sale-rooms, bidding frenziedly for articles she does not want; if she is of the upper middle class she disports herself upon some promenade, or wears herself to pieces, over parish work. To sit at home is the only thing she detests.

Now this is unfortunate, because man (a far more conservative animal than woman, by the way) likes nothing better than to sit by his own fireside, with his feet on his own fen-

der, smoking the pipe of peace. While his fiancée pictures matrimony as a whirl of calls and parties, he dreams of a quiet haven sheltered from every wind which blows, a place where, once the turmoil of the world shut out, he can rest and refresh himself for the recurring struggle.

If you really wish to make your married life happy, you must give up all thoughts of your own pleasure, you must abandon the idea that rushing to and fro is desirable. You must settle down—never mind if it sounds dull—and determine to make a home for your husband. Never mind about the carpets or the curtains, these count for nothing; make it a place where the sunshine of serenity shines, a place where worries are kissed away and cares forgotten, a place where cross words and angry looks never come, a place where discontent cannot live, and, above all, a peaceful place, where he may gather strength for the struggle always going on—the struggle of life.

STILL WAITING

"Just wait!" said the boy, "for life is long,
Let me have a good time while I can;
Dull books and study to manhood belong—
Just wait till I am a man!"

"Oh, wait!" he said, when manhood came,
"Life is so joyous and gay;
Wait! there is time enough for fame—
'Rome was not built in a day.'"

"Just wait till the right time comes by and
by—
Myself I shall never deceive—
Just wait! and you'll see me climbing high—
Success I'm sure to achieve!"

"I'm waiting," said he in middle age;
"I was never a man to shirk;
As soon as the right chance comes I'll engage
In hard and earnest work."

Though the "snap" he awaited never turned
up,
And he sat in poverty's chair,
Still he quaffed away at his "just wait" cup
In his castles in the air.

Thus old age finds him waiting still,
And he sometimes thinks with a sigh,
Of his wasted life—but he had his will,
And he's waiting yet—to die!

THE MAN WHO MAKES MISTAKES

By IRVING HANCOCK

It is by no means a new conception in commercial circles that the man who makes mistakes, and who, therefore finds himself an object of censure from his employer, may really be a very valuable employee. Yet it has probably occurred to but few people who toil for success that there is a corollary to the effect that he who goes on in his placid business way year after year, without being guilty of a single error, is a positive menace to the well-being of the one who engages his services.

No American business man understood this latter proposition better than the late Eben D. Jordan, of Boston, founder of the great dry-goods house of Jordan, Marsh and Company. During one of his daily strolls through the store Mr. Jordan's glance fell upon one of his men who, for ten years, had been at the head of a certain department.

"That reminds me," mused Mr. Jordan, "that I made a note yesterday to look into the record of this Mr. Smith. I'll do so today."

Returning to his private office he sent for one of his head men and inquired:—

"What sort of a fellow is Smith?"

"The very best sort, I consider him," replied the subordinate.

"I am very glad to hear that," quoth Mr. Jordan. "He has had charge of his department for ten years, I believe."

"Yes, sir, and he has a unique record. He has never made a mistake."

"Eh? What's that? Discharge him at once."

"Sir?" stammered the surprised subordinate.

"No, on second thought," continued Mr. Jordan, "you needn't discharge him right away. I'll give him another chance. Send him in to me."

Smith came, entering the private office with some trepidation.

"Sit down, Smith," said Mr. Jordan, kindly; "I have been told that you have had charge of your department for ten years, and that you have never committed a blunder."

"Such, I believe, has been my record, sir," replied Smith, who now saw his way to certain promotion.

"I want you to mend your ways, Mr. Smith," went on his employer.

"But I don't understand you, sir," was the astonished man's reply.

"I dare say you don't. That's what I wanted to see you about, Mr. Smith. I don't like men who never make mistakes. What I need here is a progressive man—one with plenty of push and enterprise. Now, a man who is full of zeal for me and primed with ambition for himself is sure to make a mistake now and then. The man who never blunders is too cautious, too slow to be worth much here. Recently I had a statement made out showing me the percentage of increase or decrease in the business of each department. I am sorry to say that your department is the only one that causes me any uneasiness. I find the reason to be that you are too infernally cautious. You never make any mistakes! Unless you can soon show some changes in your methods, Mr. Smith, you will not be a candidate for continued employment in this establishment."

"Then you want me to make mistakes hereafter?" cried the dazed department manager.

"There, again, you have failed to get the idea. The man who makes a lot of senseless blunders is an expensive luxury. The man who never does anything foolish is equally useless. Provided you blunder once in a while, yet show me that your department is becoming increasingly profitable to me, I shall consider you a valuable man. Think over what I have said to you, Mr. Smith. It is equally applicable to any business that calls for progressive men and methods. If at any time you are in doubt, come to me for advice. Remember that in my life of striving and struggling I have made plenty of blunders, and yet have made some money, too. It is restless zeal that counts. Go back to your department, Mr. Smith, I will give you two months in which to redeem yourself."

It is worth while recording that Smith lost, with reason, much of his complacency about the absence of mistakes in his work, but he showed an improved balance sheet and retained his position.

Advice to Young Men

In his decidedly interesting and practical talk on politics before the Yale law school students recently, that eminent and eloquent type of the best American citizenship, Senator Depew, advising his hearers not to seek public office until they had acquired a competency or started a self-sustaining business. The Senator said that the greatest misfortune that can happen to a young man with only character and education and no capital is to accept office, and he added that some of his saddest experiences had been to try and find places for men of great ability who had been thrown out of office by changes of politics at a time of life when they could find nothing else to do. "No money," said Mr. Depew, can legitimately be made in public employment and therefore no competence can be laid up." While advising the students to engage in practical politics and to interest themselves in the correction of public evils, the Senator did not advise office-seeking as a profession or an occupation, and the logic of his reasoning is apparent on its face, as is also the common sense of his further statement that "practical politics is largely taught by experience, observation and absorption." No man is better qualified to speak on this subject than Senator Depew, who for well nigh half a century, almost from the day that he left college, has been conspicuous in public life, not as an office seeker or holder, but as an eloquent expounder of party principles and an advocate of higher standards in the public service. We agree with his conclusion that "politics is cleaner and purer now than in what are known as the good old times." And if this is so it is because men of Senator Depew's high character and attainments have diligently sought to make it so.

Only Executed Intentions Count

The paving of the road to a very uncomfortable place is said to be composed of good intentions. Nowhere else has this material been tried for paving, though it is plentiful enough to use for almost any purpose. We all know people whose houses burn when they are "just going to" insure; who lose a cow or a horse when they are "just going to" mend the fence or close the gate; who are "just going to" buy stock, when it goes up like a rocket; who are "just going to" pay a note, when it goes to protest; who are "just

going to" help a neighbor when he dies; who are "just going to" send some flowers to a sick friend, when it proves too late; in fact, they are "just going to" do things all their lives, but never get them started.

"To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it," says Tillotson, "is as if a man should put off eating and drinking until he is starved to death."

Under every clock in a factory at Cleveland, Ohio, is the motto, "Do it now!" Such a motto, lived up to by everyone, would spare the world much trouble. It would add thousands of good deeds to daily happenings, save many firms from bankruptcy through bad debts, paint hundreds of pictures only dreamed of, write books without number, and straighten out half the tangles of our complicated social life. The habit of putting off disagreeable duties is responsible for much needless unhappiness, for these bugbears weigh on the mind and prevent the satisfied content that comes from duty well performed. Most tasks promptly undertaken prove less difficult than we anticipated, and the joy of accomplishment often compensates for any hardship experienced.

Don't get to be known for unfulfilled good intentions. Good intentions carried out become the good deeds that make men useful, loved, and famous. Doing things, rather than just planning them, makes all the difference between success and failure.

Why Don't You?

Why don't you answer your friend's letter at once? It will have double value if written promptly, and will take no more time now than by and by.

Why don't you make the promised visit to that invalid? She is looking for you day after day, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Why don't you send away that little gift you've been planning to send? Mere kind intentions never accomplish any good.

Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your thoughts? Unless you express them they are of no use to others.

Why don't you try to share the burden of that sorrowful one who works beside you? Is it because you are growing selfish?

Why don't you take more pains to be self-sacrificing and loving in the everyday home life? Time is rapidly passing. Your dear ones will not be with you always.

SEED GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

Three million dollars a year for seed. That is what the world pays for California's big seed plantations in Santa Clara, San Joaquin and Sacramento counties, says a well-informed authority on the subject. California dictates prices to the world in onions, lettuce, celery and sweet pea, and promises to become the greatest of all seed-raising countries.

In these days of co-operation and combination, it pays to raise things on a big wholesale scale, and the seed raisers of Holland, France, and Germany, with their little plots of a hundred or so acres, are just beginning to find this out, as American seeds can be bought cheaper and better in Europe than they can be raised there. Take the big seed belt around San Jose. There is a single onion patch of 1000 acres, with furrows almost a mile long, unbroken by a ditch, fence or road. There is a single plot of sweet peas covering 200 acres, all in bloom; in the winter season, a bed of yellow asters, 210 acres in extent, more than a homestead farm, an unbroken stretch of waving lettuce tops covering 300 acres of land.

The big seed plantations of Central California have gone for seed raising on a gigantic scale. Some of the plantations are devoted exclusively to the production of one kind of seed. Altogether there are 14,500 acres devoted to raising plants and flowers for their seeds alone. The European seed raisers have always insisted that the finer qualities of seed could not be successfully raised on a wholesale scale, and that it required the most exacting attention to keep a strain up to the required standard. It was only by accident that the big American seed growers who were devoting large acreages to the raising of coarse and hardy vegetable seeds, discovered that by the infinite care, the finer and more valuable varieties of even flower seeds could be raised on an extended scale.

The great California seed belt begins in the Santa Clara Valley about fifty miles southeast of San Francisco. In all its branches, the seed industry in California gives steady

employment to 3000 persons. The wages of skilled or scientific help are very high indeed. Some of the most expert men in the seed line are employed in California and the wages go all the way down to the seed picker, who is able to earn from \$1.35 to \$2 a day.

Seed raising, while one of the most scientific of all branches of horticulture or floriculture, is also one of the most expensive. A man must not only be naturally inclined to any branch of this profession, but he must be thoroughly experienced before he can safely venture into this difficult field. The bulk of the vegetable seeds raised in California consists of salsify, lettuce, peas, beans, onions and beets, while in flowers, sweet peas, verbenas, asters, poppies and hollyhocks are staple products. Almost every kind of seed grown in America is raised in this district in greater or lesser quantities.

To give an idea of the enormous expense attached to seed raising on the gigantic scale on which it is conducted in the Santa Clara Valley, it may be said that it costs from \$90 to \$100 per acre to grow onion seed, and to harvest such vegetables as salsify and lettuce costs from \$40 to \$70 an acre, while the expense of harvesting most of the flower seeds is 50 cents a pound, with a range in price of from 15 cents to \$6 per pound, or at the average rate of \$1000 per ton.

In California, the seed farmer handles two classes of crops, biennials and annuals. Biennials include all root and bulb crops, such as onions, carrots, etc., which require one season for the growth of the root or bulb, and one for the growth of the seed after it has been transplanted. But lettuce, sweet peas, verbenas and poppies are annuals, and during the months of May and June, when the flower fields are in bloom, they present a gorgeous panorama of coloring. The fragrance from their thousands and thousands of blossom leaves an impression which will never be forgotten, and on a windy day one can catch the delicious fragrance of a sweet pea field a long way off.

GRAPHOLOGY

By Mrs. Franklin Hall

Article No. 10

Choosing a Vocation

"What shall I do to succeed?" is the question constantly asked by patrons; "what vocation shall I choose, according to the talents which I possess?"

It is remarkable how many people in the world are doing things for which they possess no liking or talent, simply because they have been forced into these vocations through the will of parents, or others who had a right to shape their lives, or at least thought they had; but why? Every child is born without his own consent an independent factor in the world, with independent thought and will. It is a matter of justice from the parents to the child that through its earlier years they guard and guide it, but when it has reached, what we term, "years of discretion," what right have we to say to the boy loving the fields and all of nature, the fresh turned soil, the growing crops, "you must study medicine, law or theology," and when he rebels call him ungrateful, stubborn, idiotic and seek by every means within our power to bend his will to ours?

What right have we to say to the girl who wants to go out into the world and learn practical business, "no; you must remain at home and become a dressmaker and be a womanly woman." A womanly woman is ever thus whether she is in the office or the sheltered home.

Thousands of men are in the pulpit who should be behind the plow or at the forge, or behind the desk or counter, while many a man harrowing the fields has the poetic spirit of the artist, the poet or the spiritual guide and he is a failure as a farmer because he is a dreamer, yet others have chained him to the harrow as they have chained the horse that drags it.

Many a girl is bending stooped shouldered over the needle who is sewing all hope and ambition into the long seams, and with it her health.

A parent has no right whatever to force a child to take up some vocation in which he has no interest, no desire to accomplish. Each soul is an individual in the world, an independent being and must work out its own salvation. Life is hard enough at best, then let your child at least have the satisfaction of

doing the work that is most congenial to him, or to her. There is no disgrace in any honorable work, no matter how humble; if it be something different from what we have chosen for our loved ones, before we forbid them entering it, let us look back upon our own youth and think of what our own ambitions were and whether we were permitted to attain them, or were thwarted, and if the latter, whether we ever had any interest in our work; whether for every step we took forward the force of our dislike for our tasks did not drag us two steps backward.

How is it with you? Have you chosen the right vocation or are you continually fretting because you have no heart in your work and feel that you are misplaced?

If you are trying to urge your child into some other path than the one in which it desires to walk, before you make your final decision, study his writing carefully, and see for what he is best fitted.

We will first take the artist and musician. He must necessarily have a somewhat sensuous nature, high strung and sensitive but with great persistence. He must possess creative genius and originality. Self-confidence and endurance.

*have the pleasure
entertaining you
Tuesday, Jan*

We see the qualities of the musician in the specimen above, the slight sensuousness in the shaded writing; the sensitive delicacy in many of the lines, especially the long, persistent crossings; the wonderful tenacity in the hooks at each end of these crossings that would insure untiring application which is so necessary if one would attain proficiency in this art; the many curves indicating a love of the beautiful; the great intensity in the precision in which the pen is placed upon the paper; the individuality in the formation of many of the letters giving creative genius as well. The very long cross of the "t's" showing wonder-

ful power of passionate affection that causes keenness of joy or sorrow.

This person should and does excel as a pianist and is a leader in Metropolitan music circles.

READING FOR SUBSCRIBERS

H. S., Holly, Mich.:—You have a most resolute will with good vitality and application and the ability to concentrate your mind upon your tasks until you have mastered them in every detail. You are shrewd and diplomatic, a fluent talker with some oratorical ability and are convincing in your eloquence. Would do well in anything that brought you much before the public and would be successful as a lawyer or lecturer. Are affable, tactful and gracious in manner with the personality that gives others a certain amount of confidence in you. You have sufficient intuition to enable you to grasp the primary parts of a subject at once and reason it out to a definite conclusion. A lesson once learned is not readily forgotten and you should be able to grasp the primary parts of a subject at once. While you are not pretentious or extravagant you like to make as good an appearance as your friends and to make a favorable impression upon others. While you may never gain a fortune you have the ability that should enable you to be very successful in anything that you undertake to do. Are very faithful in your friendship and in many ways unselfish.

E. E. M., Rugby, Eng.:—Your nature is a mixture of the artistic and the practical and is a very good combination to have. You enjoy all that is beautiful and like to have things in harmony but your will prevents your being too strongly led by sentiment or fancy, so that the heart and the head are about equally balanced. Have a fair amount of tenacity and are not easily discouraged even though things may not always go smoothly and you may have many obstacles to overcome. You are tenderly sympathetic and always willing to do what you can for those who are suffering or who need your aid. Your tastes are simple and refined and you care very little for display so you have the comforts of life. You are tactful and quite a clever manager trying as near as possible to keep your expenses within your income. Are devoted to those whom you love and will cling to them through good and ill. Are especially fond of home and its pleasures and should find your greatest happiness therein.

August Dietz, Indianapolis, Ind.:—You

have a great deal of originality and while you are quite liberal in thought it is not an easy matter for you to adapt yourself to new manners and customs. You have some inventive talent and mechanical ability and confidence in your own ability to do certain things well. Are ambitious and hopeful and can apply yourself faithfully to your work, although it is difficult for you to force yourself forward to accomplish certain things. You have a good memory and can recall with ease things that happened long ago and picture them vividly. Are naturally thrifty although you will not deny yourself the things which you feel that you can afford to have. You have the temperament that most often belongs to those with dark or auburn hair, the features strongly marked and the powers of endurance good. The diseases from which you are most liable to suffer are those of the liver and blood and rheumatic ailments and you should not indulge too freely in fatty food and rich pastries. Should also carefully avoid all damp and malarious climates. Would do best in mechanical or agricultural pursuits, or in manufacturing in a small way.

Chris. Rix, Pilgrims Rest, Transvaal, South Africa:—You have a certain amount of dash and vigor that is not easily suppressed even when things go wrong, and you laugh at disappointments that would discourage those of lesser buoyancy. Have sequence of ideas and like to reason matters of importance out carefully from cause to effect before making a decision in regard to them. You have a keen sense of humor that makes you quick to see the amusing side of things and you like to tease when you know that you can. You have some caution and are naturally a little suspicious of the motives of others. Have the penetration that makes you a very good judge of human nature, with practice could become expert. Are quite sensitive and easily wounded through criticism. Would do well in either commercial or official pursuits. Are very faithful to those whom you love and a trifle exacting as well. You ought to be able to make money and to save it. You have the money making faculty fairly well marked. The diseases from which you are most liable to suffer are those caused by malarious conditions.

G. A. Mendon, France:—You have largely an artistic temperament and are high strung and like some finely attuned instrument, it does not take much to cause a discord. Are a

great lover of the beautiful and could have excelled in some one of the fine arts had you cared to cultivate your talents in this line. Are changeable in your moods and often find it difficult to concentrate your mind upon one thing long enough to perfect yourself in it. Have a great deal of sensitive pride and are easily wounded through your pride or your affections, in fact are sometimes super-sensitive in this regard. Are naturally bouyant, abitious and hopeful and you must not permit this spirit to pass from you. A trifle obstinate, but you yield graciously when you are convinced that you are in the wrong. Are fond of the luxuries of life and if you have the means you will not deny yourself in this respect. Are vivacious and apt in repartee when you are with congenial friends. Like to pet and caress those who are dear to you. Will have many changes in your life.

Mrs. A. E. E., Helena, Mont.:—You have many little peculiarities and are not always understood even by those who know you best. You have high ideals and a great deal of reverence and would be devoted to a hobby or a principle and if a church member you would be a devoted worker and tend to worship your spiritual adviser. Are strongly influenced by sentiment and those things which appeal to the emotional side of your nature. You should take advantage of every opportunity for study and intellectual companionship for your mind needs to be kept constantly active. Your life has not been all sunshine, many sorrows and disappointments have come into it, but you have tried to be brave and to do the best that you could with the opportunities that are yours. You are very affectionate and will always give out more affection than you receive and you make sacrifices for those whom you love that are repaid with ingratitude, but this should not discourage you, for this is life and these experiences but lessons to fit us for higher, greater efforts. You would do best in some vocation that would be connected with the home.

Sivey Levey:—You are very ambitious and hopeful with the energy that never fails in the pursuit of success and mastery of obstacles so that you ought to be able to gain both wealth and position if you desire them. You are shrewd and have a good intellect that enables you to reason things out well from cause to effect. While you have confidence in your

own ability to do things well, you are not pretentious. You can talk convincingly upon the subjects which are of interest to you and have a most excellent memory. Are intense in your likes and dislikes and would do a great deal for one dear to you. You could also be jealous if given cause, although you are not particularly a selfish nature. Are thrifty and will not spend much money foolishly although you are not penurious and will not deny yourself the things which you feel that you can afford to have. You would do well in scientific pursuits or anything that would keep your active mind constantly on the alert. Have a passionate temper when it is aroused, but it is under very good control.

G. F. Spiff:—You have a bilious mental temperament with a great love for the good things of life and are not apt to deny yourself the things which you feel that you can afford to have. You have a great deal of inventive talent and originality which helps you out of many a dilemma. Are independent in thought and action and liberal in your views, although inclined to be positive in those things in which you are especially interested. You would have made a good physician had you cultivated the talent which you possess in this line. You have confidence in your own ability to do certain things well. Have keen penetration, are observant and sometimes critical and inclined to think your own way of doing things the better way, will have to be careful that this does not grow upon you. You like to argue; have very good business talent. While you can talk well, you are also secretive regarding your personal affairs. Like a certain amount of splendor and display. Will have to guard against diseases of the liver and kidneys.



How to Get a Character Reading

Any subscriber to this magazine who sends us three new yearly subscribers will be given a Character Reading from his or her handwriting. We will either print the reading in "The Segno-gram" or send it by mail.

How to Send

When sending the three new subscribers also send twenty-five words of your natural writing on a separate piece of paper and sign it. We will print your initials only, as it is not advisable to print the full name.

The first orders will receive the first readings. Send early and avoid the rush. Address, The Segno-gram Pub. Co., Dept G. Los Angeles, Cal.

SMILES

Crowded Out

There is a contractor who most strenuously objects to the teamsters in his employ leaving their wagons unattended outside eating houses. So when he came across a flagrant breach of this regulation the other day his angry passions rose.

With fire in his eye he rushed into the eating house, and found his employe placidly investigating the interior mysteries of a chicken pie.

"What do you mean by it?" he cried. "How dare you leave my horses in the street! How came you to do it?"

The startled teamster looked up, his mouth full of pie crust.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "there wasn't no room for them in here!"

Filling the Breach

Miss Smythe (organizing a subscription dance)—I'm in despair about our dance, Mr. Brown. So many people have failed me. You'll come, won't you?

Mr. Brown—Really, Miss Smythe, I'm not a dancing man. I don't dance at all.

"Oh, that won't matter in the least. You'll help fill up, you know."

"Ah, yes, with pleasure. I will look in about supper time."

He Took the Hint

The bashful lover drew his breath,

And made an effort grand;

"I wish I were the glove," he cried,

"That rests upon your hand!"

She blushed a trifle and replied:

"I must admire your taste,

But I would rather than you were—

The belt around my waist."

Reached an Understanding

She was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is it?" asked her girl friend.

"Why-y," she sobbed, "I to-told Jack, after he proposed, to go up and see father."

"What of that?"

"Why, they started playing cards, and now he goes up to see father every night."

Not True to Nature

"Mark Twain was visiting H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil man," said a New York editor. "Mr. Rogers led the humorist into his library.

"There," he said, as he pointed to a bust of white marble, 'what do you think of that?'

"It was a bust of a young woman coiling her hair, a very graceful example of modern Italian sculpture.

"Mr. Clemens looked at it a moment, and then he said:

"It isn't true to nature.'

"Why not?" Mr. Rogers asked.

"She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," said the humorist.

Old as the Scissors

"Telegraphing without wires is no new thing," remarked the gray-haired passenger.

"It isn't, eh?" queried the drummer.

"Not by a jugful," continued the old man.

"Why, sir, when I published a country newspaper forty years ago I got nearly all my telegraph news that way."

Back Again

Rimer—I sent a poem to Scribbler's Magazine day before yesterday.

Ascum—Yes? I suppose you expect to see it appear pretty soon.

"It appeared sooner than I expected. It was in my mail this morning."

Explaining It

"Troubled with sleeplessness, eh?" said the doctor. "Is your trouble of long standing?"

"Yes," replied Popley, "and long walking. The baby's had colic every night for three months."

Precocity of Naivette

Old Gentleman—How old are you, my dear?

Little Girl—I was eight years old yesterday.

"Indeed! You don't look to be that old."

"Ah! How you naughty men do flatter us poor, weak women."

The Segnogram

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A. VICTOR SEGNO, Editor

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VITAL THOUGHTS

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

The great man is the man who does a thing for the first time.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.

Things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up.

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well, he is done for.

Applause is the spur of the noble minds; the end and aim of weak ones.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies.

That cause is strong which has not a multitude but one strong man behind it.

As unkindness has no remedy at law, let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.

I attribute my success to always requiring myself to do my level best, if only in driving a tack straight.

Never borrow trouble. If the evil is not to come, it is useless, and so much waste; if it is to come, best keep all your strength to meet it.

Don't make excuses. Excuses are nothing more than confessions of weakness, showing your inability to cope with the task before you.

I lost an opportunity the other day to say the word that would have struck a brother man free from the chains of slavery! Did you pick it up?

Try to make at least one person happy every day, and then in ten years you may have made three thousand, six hundred and fifty persons happy.

We may think our actions done in secret will ever remain secret, but the very countenance tells on us and brands the forehead with the mark of Cain.

It is a question whether any man ever was without sin who thought he was, and it goes without dispute that no man ever was without sin who said he was.

An hour of your life may record only sixty minutes of time—gone—or it may record the working out of an idea which will mean a fortune to you. It is for you alone to determine which.

All are builders of character from the outset, and in the work there is no distinction between rich and poor, both having similar material and tools with which to rear the indestructible edifice. These are merely the ordinary duties, the simple happenings of each day, the good and evil within ourselves struggling for mastery.

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.



Every man who can be a first-rate something—as every man can be who is a man at all—has no right to be a fifth-rate something; for a fifth-rate something is no better than a first-rate nothing.



All truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but to make them truly ours, we must think them over again honestly, till they take firm root in our personal experience.



It is not a question how much a man knows, but what use he can make of what he knows; not a question of what he has acquired, and how he has been trained, but of what he is and what he can do.



Apologizing—a very desperate habit—one that is rarely cured. Apology is only egotism wrong side out. Nine times out of ten, the first thing a man's companion knows of his shortcomings is from his apology.



Love, like law, must be sensed to be understood. It is the sunshine of existence to those who realize it; the vision through which all error is forgiven—all human deeds exalted. It is music to those who sense its sweet vibrations.



Here is a tip—"Keep away from discouraged, despondent people who are always expecting and thereby courting ill luck. If much in their association, be they who they may, you will surely absorb their thought, think it and act it."



It cannot be that those whom I have loved have gone into nothingness. The garment that I held has slipped from my grasp. The beauty of the flesh is all unwoven. But that which I loved, which wore that garment, somewhere in God's universe keeps its life, its personality, its consciousness.

If we look down, then our shoulders stoop. If our thoughts look down, our Character bends. It is only when we hold our heads up that our body becomes erect. It is only when our thoughts go up that our life becomes erect.



This is the day of all days to aspire to a higher and better life *here and now*; to be more thoughtful, kinder and gentler, and to work with renewed energy and cheerfulness; to overcome some sin or some vice. NOW, the present moment is the time to think and act and to live.



It is not enough to shut out all discouraging, worrying, devitalizing thought, to control the pessimistic outbursts that poison the system, to cease speaking of our ailments, real or imaginary; we must get on to a new plane of thought. We must believe in happiness and health, not for others only, but for ourselves as well. If we live in this belief, if we think health and happiness, and talk them, we shall make them ours.



Think poverty and you create poverty; think opulence and you create opulence, for "whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap," not something else, but that. Thought directed upon the thing or condition you most desire will bring it into expression, on the same principle that a seed is developed. The promise and potency of ultimate highest development is in the seed or graft from which it evolves. This is a truth of experience, a fact which no one disputes. No one expects to reap a harvest of grain from a sowing of tares.



A great source of cruelty is temper. When it is considered what a vast sum of misery temper causes in the world, how many homes are darkened, and how many hearts are saddened by it; when we remember that its persecutions have not even the purifying consequences of most other calamities; inasmuch as its effects upon its innocent victims are rather cankerous than medical; when we call to mind that a bright face and a bright disposition are like sunshine in a house, and a gloomy, lowering countenance as depressing as an Arctic night, we must acknowledge that temper itself is only another form of cruelty, and a very bad form, too.

PRIZE MENUS &

Submitted by
Mrs. E. E. Murray, Rugby, England

FIRST MEAL

11 o'clock Luncheon for four persons.

Figs, Raisins, Grapenuts and Cream.

Bananas

Nut Sandwiches

TO PREPARE

Figs, Raisins, Grapenuts and Cream—Cut a quarter of a pound each of figs and stoned raisins finely, mix with 5 tablespoonsful of grapenuts, pour over 1 cupful of cream, serve at once.

Bananas—Slice 4 bananas, put in glass dish, sprinkle with sugar half an hour before serving.

Nut Sandwiches—Boil half a pound of chestnuts, peel and skin. Pass through a thin wire seive, mix with 2 ounces of butter and a little sugar. Spread between thin slices of whole wheat bread and butter, cut into any fancy shape.

Cost of meal 30 cents.

SECOND MEAL

Dinner, 6 o'clock, for four people.

Potage a la Bonne Femme

Salad aux Legumes

Gaiches

Compote d' Oranges

Whole meal bread and butter

Hot Lemonade

TO PREPARE

Bonne Femme Soup—Melt 1 ounce of olive oil in a stewpan, wash and dry half a pound each of sorrel, lettuce, spinach, a small bunch of shervil and half a cucumber. Shred them all finely and fry 15 minutes. Boil until tender, but not to break. Then add 1 pint of water, cook gently for half an hour. Put into another stewpan half a pint of milk, bring to the boil, pour it on two yolks of eggs in a basin with half an ounce of good butter or olive oil and 1 cup of thick cream, return to stewpan until it thickens, but on no account allow it to boil.

Compote of Oranges—To half a pound of loaf sugar add 1 cup of water, boil a quarter of an hour. Peel and cut up 4 oranges into quarters. Pour syrup over when cool. If preferred a little shredded orange peel boiled in syrup will improve it.

Vegetable Salad—Cut 1 pound each of carrots and turnips in dice about half an inch, boil in sufficient water to cook them tender; toss them lightly without breaking in a tablespoonful of olive oil, when cool dish in a pyramid, pour over a mayonaise sauce, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley on top, cut thin slices of tomatoes around base, place a piece of endive on the top and garnish with either sprigs of parsley or endives.

Mayonaise Dressing—Take the juice of a large lemon, add two tablespoonsful of water, allow it to come to a boil, add 2 well beaten eggs, stirring briskly until it thickens. When quite cold season with a little salt, sugar and mustard and cayenne pepper, then add about half a cup of salad oil slowly and beating quickly.

Whole Meal Bread—Put 1 pound of whole meal into a basin, rub into it 1 ounce of good butter. Take 1 ounce of yeast, mix it with a quarter of a pint of tepid milk and water and pinch of salt and sugar, pour it into the center of the basin, sprinkle a little meal over it and put a clean cloth on the basin and stand it in the screen for 1 hour and a half. Then knead it into dough with rather better than a cup of tepid milk and water, as it requires to be more moist than white flour bread. Return to screen and let it rise 1 hour, make into a shape and bake 1 hour.

Gaiches—Take half a pint of cream, two yolks of eggs, one and a half ounces of Parmesan cheese, cayenne pepper and salt, put yolks into a basin, add cheese and cream, mix thoroughly. Butter or oil small souffle cases, fill with the mixture and steam for 10 minutes or until set, but on no account allow them to boil; serve in the cases on a napkin, allow one to each person.

Cost of meal 66 cents.

Pineapples Came High.

No Ambassador has had so long and brilliant a career as Andrew D. White. He was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg during the Crimean War, and the interesting series of articles he is now printing makes as good reading as is to be found in any of the magazines. But as a story-teller he has few rivals. During a recent talk with him, as we walked about the beautiful campus at Cornell University, we were speaking of the tropics, when I said that the fruit of the pineapple reconciled me to all the discomforts that were to be encountered therein. He laughed heartily, and said: "I ought to be an authority on pineapples. Just before I went to Russia as Minister, about twelve years ago, Andrew Carnegie asked me to go with him in a private car to the City of Mexico. I was glad to accept, and we had a splendid journey. Somewhere in the Mexican republic one afternoon the train made a long stop, and we were told that the town was a famous market for pineapples. Mr. Carnegie called his steward and told him to buy a lot of the fruit, as he was fond of it. After a little while we heard a terrible altercation outside the car. The steward appeared.

"How many pines shall I buy?" asked he.

"Buy 200, at least," replied Mr. Carnegie.

"Not here! The greaser is trying to rob you; he actually wants 5 cents each for pineapples. I will not allow you to be swindled."

"We laughed immoderately at this streak of economy. But the steward added: "When we were here last the same man sold us all we wanted for 3 cents each."

"Well, if the Mexican has put a protective tariff on his goods, buy one 100," said Mr. Carnegie. And then we laughed harder than ever.

"But the next time I had any commercial transactions regarding this same fruit I got my eyes opened," continued Ambassador White. "I was giving a state dinner in St. Petersburg, and had among my guests some men I desired to impress with my hospitality. I wished for something that should be rare in that climate. Mrs. White had a happy thought, and suggested pineapples. I was immensely pleased, and ordered the best fruiterer in the capital to send me a dozen fine specimens of the fruit. They made a great hit. Everybody was delighted with the rare edibles. I thought of Mr. Carnegie's 100 pineapples for \$5 when I got the bill. I was

charged \$10 each for the fruit, but as a diplomatic feature the price was not excessive."

Diet as Affecting the Length of Life.

A writer in a hygienic publication calls attention to the fact that, a few years ago, a statistician pointed out that in Germany, a pork-eating country of 55,000 inhabitants, there were to be found fewer than one hundred persons more than 100 years old; only seventy-eight, in fact, enjoyed this distinction for longevity. Half a century ago, with a smaller population, the number was six times as great. In Bulgaria, a country of only 4,000,000 people, practically vegetarians, the number of persons more than 100 years of age was 3883, or nearly one to the 1000, against one to 700,000 in Germany. In other words, there are in Bulgaria 700 times as many centenarians in proportion to the population as in Germany.

In Servia there were 290 persons between the ages of 106 and 115 years, 125 persons between the ages of 115 and 125 years, eighteen persons between the ages of 125 and 135 years, and three persons more than 135 years old.

The lesson which the writer quoted adduces from these facts is that a vegetarian diet tends to lengthen the days of man, while a diet mainly composed of flesh food hastens death and decay, and in confirmation of this theory he points to the relative endurance and long life of vegetarian animals, as compared with the carnivora.

Draftphobia

An extremely old man was Timothy Quinn; He hated fresh air as a parson hates sin. He managed to live, notwithstanding his fears Of colds, drafts, and dampness, for thirty-three years;

He always insisted, and thought he was right Upon having each door and window shut tight.

He took so much care of his health that he died

From a cold which he caught on an open-car ride.

His folks had him cremated and waited their turn

To take home his ashes to place in an urn. As the oven was opened, all heard a voice roar

From within: "There's a draft! Oh, please close that door!"

PAIN: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

By PAUL TYNER

Sensitiveness means power. All strength of will and of character is developed through the capacity for feeling and for discrimination through feeling. The delicately constructed, adjusted, seasoned and tuned violin that responds to the master's touch in soul-stirring and entrancing melody, resents and suffers under the ignorant handling of a novice. Its range of expression is as far beyond that of the base drum or the tin pan as is its delicacy and construction. The Hoe Perfecting Press, which will smoothly, steadily and swiftly transform a reel of white paper miles in length into thousands of printed, cut, folded and counted piles of newspapers, may be thrown entirely out of gear by a pebble or a grain of sand among its cogs, grating, grinding, stopping, or flying to pieces.

So pain is a measure of power. It polarizes energy. Friction and resistance are registered by it unerringly and exactly. In the human system—in all of life—its beneficent function is to indicate the condition of harmony; of the resistance to be overcome, the congestion or obstruction to be removed, or the right adjustment of forces. By the experience of pain we learn the unwisdom of using a tempered Toledo blade to chop wood, or of attempting to drive tacks with a thousand-horse-power engine.

In itself, pain is not evil. It is simply the fire caused by impact of steel on flint; the incandescence of the electric current in contact with or opposition to the thread of carbon. Resistance creates what we call pain, because it pits force against force. By resisting and meeting resistance, the sapling grows to the sturdy oak, the muscles of a man's body are made strong and flexible, the brain active and ready for work.

Not by avoiding or "banishing" pain shall we find the way to Freedom. Rather shall we find the way out in responding to the call of pain through conquering its cause. Command is the result of overcoming, not of undergoing. Pain overcome is pain banished.

The same electric current that moves our carriages, speeds on our errands under the oceans and across continents, turns the wheels in our factories, and lights up our cities and our homes, may kill a man, burn up his house

or explode a powder magazine with frightful destruction of life and property. So with the vital energy whose presence and activity is indicated by the sensation of bodily or mental pain. Controlled and directed, it makes for growth, service and happiness. Uncontrolled or misused, it wreaks disaster.

The man who suffers feels. This is a good thing in itself. There is hope for a man while he can suffer. Pain proves the intensity of power. Desire impels demand. Demand creates supply. Pain is not an entity; not an enduring reality. Its very continuance soon brings one to unconsciousness or death, if its call for right adjustment goes unheeded. It is like hunger. In its beginnings hunger is an entirely normal and healthy sensation; but when unduly protracted, it ends in starvation and death. Like hunger, also, pain is a demand for satisfaction in some direction. Blessed are those that hunger and are fed. Hunger is the best of all sauces. The pain of opposing effort to obstacle adds a zest to achievement. It's lots more fun to do a hard stunt than an easy one.

It is the operation of this very law of all life in the bodily organism that causes pain and prolongs it. Back of the painful sensation is congestion of nerve or blood currents, or in the breathing or nutritive processes. The free play of the bodily forces is impeded by the intrusion into the system of a foreign body or force, or by undue retention of waste. As grit in a machine causes the wheels to grind and wear unevenly, or throws the whole mechanism out of gear, so friction is set up in the physical organism by the entrance or retention of alien substances.

Thought—the thought "in the heart,"—is the original substance out of which all chemical or mechanical conditions are created. Out of fear thoughts, (and anger, hate, envy, jealousy are only varying forms of fear), arise congestive and obstructed conditions. *Love Thought* is the universal solvent. It melts down all opposition, dissolves all things into its own beneficent nature, surmounts all barriers and flows full and free through every channel. All the ways of the body and of the soul are open and free when love courses with life through nerves, veins and arteries.

The evil created by resistance is not over-

come by more resistance, but by cessation of resistance. With the love thought, under these conditions, comes relaxation of tension and openness of the closed and clogged avenues. This is as true in regard to the adjustments of environment, relationships, occupations, business and all productive activity of the individual in his sphere of action as it is of the organs and functions of the "physical" body. The law of health is also the law of happiness, and of all that goes to make up happiness on every plane,—of harmony, effectiveness, opportunity, prosperity.

"Hatred is not overcome by hatred, but hatred is overcome by love," said Buddha. And the same truth is pointed in Jesus' injunctions: "Resist not evil," "Judge not," "Return good for evil," "Love one another," "Love your enemies!" It is a truth which depends on no authority, ancient or modern, but which each of us may demonstrate for himself therapeutically this very hour and every day of our lives. Indeed, it is a truth we are all demonstrating, consciously or unconsciously, now.

The law prevails in the body politic as in the body physical. The remedy for all our wars and fightings, for all our social diseases and disorders, it not to be found in more fighting, but in the non-resistance of Love. For Love absolute and unfailing is ever invincible and ever victorious over all things: *Just Love*.

The great secret of life is to know how, in our own way to be receptive to it, how to read the message of its inner whisperings.
—Horatio W. Dresser.

Secret of Longevity in These Rules

A well-known physician of Birmingham, England, lately published a series of rules in which, he said, the secret of longevity was to be found.

The "nineteen commandments" were widely quoted in the British Isles.

In many of them the dwellers in any climate will recognize a wholesome grain of truth.

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.

7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults.) Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition; and
19. Keep your temper.

Physical Culture League

A feminine league of physical culture has been started in Paris by a woman who says that she has learned from her own experience the need of athletics for women as well as for men. She was brought up to consider that all outdoor sports were unwomanly. She married a man of feeble constitution, and has two children, both weakly. Finally she fell ill herself, and was pronounced by a doctor to be going into a rapid decline. Having made up her mind she was dying, she went to spend the few months she thought she had to live in the country. There, however, instead of lying down to die, she took it into her head to force herself to walk, to bathe and to go in for violent exercise. After a year or so she was another woman, and when, on returning to Paris, she went to see her doctor; he did not know her, and told her, when she related her experience to him, that the physician who pronounced her case to be hopeless was a fool. Then she told him that if that were so, the fool and he were the same person, and he did not like it. Now, thanks to constant exercise, the woman says that at 53 she is a strong woman, after having been almost an invalid for five and twenty to thirty years. Her own experience induced her to start the league in question, and to open a school of physical culture, which is attended by about twenty girls, who are trained by a male professor and by herself. She is a passionate believer in athletics for women, and her ambition is to win every French mother over to her views.

Deep Breathing

At a lecture recently given in the New Century building, Boston, by Professor Clease, before the Woman's Health Club, he declared that consumption may be cured simply by deep beathing, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

He said he knew of a woman who had been given up as incurable by the doctors, one of her lungs being almost gone, who by taking deep breaths every morning, under the required conditions, was absolutely a well woman at the end of three months, and could walk seven miles easily.

Breathing is the first element of life, and the more oxygen you can store up in your system the better for your health, he said. Use your brain power; use your muscular power, and assist nature to fill the cells with oxygen. We use only about one-quarter of the cells in our lungs, or at the most one-third; the rest become clogged, dyspepsia and indigestion set in, and disaster follows. Man in his primitive state was the healthiest of animals, but with civilization he lost the incentive to inhale the fresh, pure air, and with his desire for rest came inaction, the muscles become stiff and clogged with fatty accumulations for the want of exercise.

Radium is the storage of oxygen in metals; it is nothing else but concentrated sunshine. Deep breathing will stimulate the brain, fill the cells of the lungs with oxygen, and the exercise will create heat, which in turn will burn the rubbish, the accumulated fatty tissues that hamper the body in its movements.

Professor Clease then illustrated the manner in which to take deep breaths, at least twelve every morning on getting out of bed, with the window thrown wide open, and only loose garments worn.

"After taking these whiffs of nature," he continued, "you will have a store of strength on which you can draw during the day, and I assure you these deep breathing exercises will bring you happiness as well as health."

The Furnace Inside of You

Catching cold?

Why?

Because you have let the furnace go down. Not the furnace in the basement of the house—the furnace inside of you.

Didn't know you had a furnace inside of you?

Where did you suppose your bodily heat comes from? It comes from combustion. And the combustion takes place in your lungs—in the burning of the oxygen that you pump into them.

Take a pair of bellows and blow on a fire. How it flares up!

Just so when you pump large quantities of air into your lungs. The combustion is more rapid than usual. There is more warmth. The oxygen in your lungs and the assimilated food in your blood literally burn—without flame—and your body is warmed.

It is therefore quite important this fire within should be well fed with plenty of good oxygen.

Most persons only half feed the furnaces inside of them. One almost wonders the fire does not go out. Hence cold extremities. Hence "catching cold."

Most persons use little more than half their lungs. The diaphragm—that great bellows of nature—is scarcely moved. The draught is poor. The fire burns low. There is little heat in the furnace.

Take strong, long, deep draughts of air through the nose—never through the mouth—sending the diaphragm down to the bottom of its well at each inhalation. Take the air in slowly. Take as much as you can hold. Take a dozen, one after another. Be sure the air is pure. The furnace heat will flare out through the body and your temperature will go up.

The way to keep warm is not by putting on more clothing. That simply keeps the cold out. To warm yourself—

Fire up the furnace inside of you.

Every Man His Own Doctor

This is an age of hygiene and physical culture. It has become quite a fad for people to study the laws of health, and a very sensible fad it is. If the fashion had been started some centuries ago, there would not be so much dyspepsia abroad in the land, and the population of the earth would be larger—which, by the way, some people may say would not be a blessing. Following is from the Chicago Tribune:

"'Have you noticed,' said the physician, in his post-prandial test, 'what a tidal wave of "Every man his own doctor" is sweeping over the land?'

"'I suppose you mean,' said the other man,

who had come to him for a little friendly advice about spring fever, 'Christian Scientists and the other cults?'

"'Not alone that, but the growing tendency to keep well instead of being cured is fast relegating medicine to the dead arts.

"'We must keep up with the procession, even if it robs us of occupation, and I'll assure you, if every man understood giving himself massage he might practically be his own doctor. For instance, half the world either has, or claims to have, liver troubles. A spare five minutes can be turned to excellent account by giving your liver a lift. Place one hand heavily on the right side at the lower border of the ribs and rub it down slowly four or five inches. Do this a dozen times, and you will empty the overfull liver of its superabundant contents. This cures heartburn and remedies cramps by removing the activity from the stomach, as well as relieving the liver.

The food of a dyspeptic remains too long in his stomach, fermenting and causing inflammation. Try helping the stomach get rid of its contents. Place one hand at the extreme edge of the left side immediately under the ribs and slightly overlapping them. Then work it round to the right by pressing the fingers in as hard as you can, drawing the hand across to the right with the other hand, at the same time swinging the body to the right, then to the left. Practice this daily before meals and reasonable food will never "set like lead" on your stomach.

"Here is a good suggestion for a plethoric or full-blooded man: When waiting for the fellow that doesn't keep his appointment, place your hand at the back of your neck where the hair joins it and rub downward. You will thus empty the glands and prevent their turning into boils. Or put your fingers on the neck at the angle of the jaw and draw them firmly downward over the course of the jugular vein. This will remove the used-up blood from the brain and make that organ feel light and clear, helping you to keep from getting "hot under your six collars," like Kipling's engine.

"If you have a tendency to varicose veins when you sit down, elevate your feet. The blood will flow out of the turgid veins and give you great relief. By deep friction from the heel upward you can encourage the return of the blood to the heart as well as give tone to the feeble veins.

"'If you have a red nose it is because the blood enters the superficial vessels of the skin and does not return from it. If you would remedy this condition, perform regularly this little feat: Grasp the tip of the nose between the thumb and fingers and massage upward to the root. This method empties the vessels of used-up blood, and allows fresh blood to flow. Besides, you are not half as likely to be afflicted with cold in the head.

"'One exercise especially designed to prevent a "bay window" below the ribs is this: Lie flat on your back, raise one foot and leg to its full height without bending the knee, then the other, alternating the motions, or vary the exercise by putting the toes under the bed clothes, raising the body to the sitting posture several times. This exercises the muscles of the abdomen and prevents the accumulation of fat.

"'Cold feet, so often found among brain workers, can be obviated by promoting a vigorous circulation. Immediate relief can be had by standing in about one inch of cold water in a bath tub. Stand on one foot and rub it with the other, alternately, a number of times for not more than three or four minutes. Follow this up by vigorous rubbing with a crash towel, and the good effects are almost equal to walking in dew, recommended by Father Kneipp.

"'A fit of blues is a habit that grows upon one so rapidly that in a short time it becomes a disease. Whenever I feel an attack coming on I put on stout walking boots and tramp till I can go no farther. This effectually dispels melancholia.

"'An Oriental philosopher says fast, breathe and exercise, and you will never be ill, so we might as well accept the situation that doctors are no longer needed.'"

Health and Personal Appearance

Healthiness and physical beauty are more nearly synonymous than we are accustomed to think. The ancient Greeks strove to attain physical perfection—beauty of figure and of face—by means of exercise, baths, and every means known to them for stimulating the bodily functions to a high degree of health. They were intense admirers of physical beauty, and appreciated the fact that health is one of its prime conditions. The modern science of hygiene teaches that the observance of certain laws is necessary for the evolution of the growing boy and girl into the healthy man and

woman. Prominent among these laws is that of personal cleanliness. To obtain and to retain a healthy and active condition of the skin, frequent bathing is necessary, followed by active friction with a brush or towel. It should be remembered that the skin is an excretory organ; that material which has been expelled through it collects upon its surface and must be removed.

The skin also secretes an oily matter which keeps it moist, flexible, and healthy. This is partially removed by bathing, and the healthy secretion is again stimulated by active rubbing. To attain a good development of the muscles, physical exercise must be taken. The growing boy and girl should have a fixed time of exercise, either at home or at school, as well as for study, for eating, and for sleep. The athletic trainer tells his pupils that temperance in all things is necessary for even a fair degree of physical development; he insists upon regularity in exercising, eating, and sleeping. Such a temperate and regular method of living should be the aim of every one. In that sense of the word, every one should keep himself "in training." This is especially important in youth, when not only are habits forming, but the foundations of future ill or good health are being laid. And the means by which health is best attained are the same means by which one's personal appearance is best improved.

The Value of Her Time

She didn't like housework; she preferred to have a place in the world of business, she said.

"I want to earn something," she frequently proclaimed. "I know I have the business instinct, and that I would be a success if I only had a place in some office."

"Well," returned the old gentleman thoughtfully, "I'll take you into my office, if you wish."

"Will you, really?" she cried delightedly. "And how much will you pay me?"

"Whatever your time is worth."

"But how will you decide that?" she demanded.

"Oh, it is very easily done," he answered.

"Let's find the valuation you put on it first."

"I'd value it at about one dollar a minute," she returned promptly.

"You never have shown any indications of doing anything like that yet," he said. "We'll just figure it out. Now, yesterday you and your mother went downtown, didn't you?"

"Yes, we went down to get some cloth for

a gown. But what has that to do with it?"

"I heard you say that you found just exactly what you wanted at the first place you stopped, but that they asked too much for it," he continued, ignoring her question.

"That was right," she admitted. "They wanted ninety cents a yard for it, and both mamma and I knew that we could get it for less."

"Did you?"

"Of course we did. I guess we know enough not to be cheated on ordinary dress goods. We had to go pretty nearly all over town, but we finally got the same thing precisely for eighty-seven cents a yard."

"How long did it take you?" he asked next.

"Well, we went downtown before luncheon and did not get home until dinner time. One can't get bargains in a hurry, you know."

"Of course not," he admitted. "And how many yards did you get?"

"Six," she answered.

"Saving altogether the magnificent sum of eighteen cents," he suggested. "The problem is very simple now. Two of you worked nearly one whole day for eighteen cents, or nine cents apiece. Making a liberal estimate for the time you spent at home in the morning I should say that you and your mother valued your services at about twelve cents a day each. Now, I shall be very glad to pay you—"

But he never finished. They both of them declared that he was a mean thing, and there was nothing for him to do but take refuge in flight.

Don't Marry the Girl

Who cannot control her temper.

Who fusses, fumes and fidgets about everything.

Who is deceitful and is not true to her friends.

Whose highest aspiration has never soared above self.

Whose chief interests in life are dress and amusements.

Who is amiable to suitors and "horrid" to her family.

Who lacks thrift and has no idea of the value of money.

Who never thinks that her mother needs an outing, amusement, or a change.

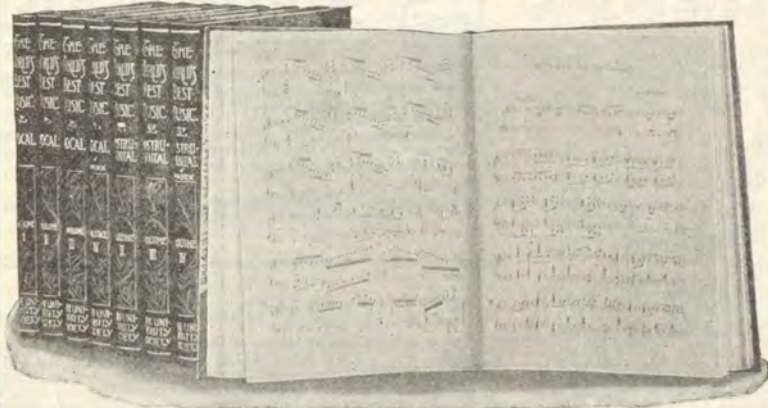
Who humiliates servants by snapping at them or criticising them before guests.

Who attracts attention in public places by "loud" dress, and loud talk and laughter.

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This complaint which came from a tired housewife, expresses the feeling of numberless women who labor in the home field.

Ah weary mothers, how broad your field of labor and influence, or how much you accomplish you may never realize.

Ask the care-worn heart that daily wrestles with the inquietudes of the world what home is!

Ask the child what home is! At the first glimpse of the world's cruelty—childish lips pour out their complaint at the home altar, for home is the place to bring its grievance and find place and comfort.

The husband or son who toils in the world may unburden his tired world-weary heart and cast his cares upon the wife or mother, but it is to gain courage that he comes to her from the uncaring world for the sweet, deep sympathy which sends him forth to bravely encounter the trials of another day.

Ask such an one what home is, and what it would be without a woman's influence!

The success of those who go out from a home depends largely upon the mother of the home.

Sum up your dozen years of labor, estimate the value of your influence, and you will see if your efforts have been worth while.

Labor for those one loves, should not be counted drudgery, so mothers stop complaining at your lot and know that the home is one form of heaven, and that you wield a power more decisive than courts or kingdoms, for the effects produced by your power and influence will reach as far as eternity itself, and will create whatever you send forth, whether sorrow or joy, pleasure or pain and no influence is so lasting or of such wide reaching extent as the mother's and the home surroundings.

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Money as an Indicator of Character

Perhaps there is nothing else which reveals one's real character like money or the lack of it. The moment a young person begins to get money, he shows his true mettle by the way he uses it,—by the way he saves it or the manner in which he spends it.

If you should give a thousand dollars to each member of a class of this year's graduates, and could follow each in disposing of it, without knowing anything else about him, you could get a pretty good idea of his probable future, and judge whether he will be successful or will fail, whether he will be a man of character and standing, or the reverse.

One boy would see, in the thousand dollars, a college education for himself or for a crippled or otherwise handicapped brother or sister. Another would see, in his thousand, a "good time" with vicious companions.

To one, the money would mean a chance to start a little business of his own. Another would deposit his in a savings bank.

A poor girl would see, in her money, an opportunity to help an invalid mother or a dependent brother or sister.

In no two instances would the money mean the same, perhaps, or develop the same traits of character.

To one it would mean nothing but selfishness, to another an opportunity to help others.

To one it would mean a chance to secure precious, long-coveted books, constituting a fine library. To another it would suggest a home of his own.

To the boy who is naturally selfish, hard grasping, mean and stingy, the making of money simply emphasizes his characteristics. It makes a small man smaller, a hard man harder, a mean man meaner. A boy who is naturally grasping and mean if he wishes to be a power in the world, must discipline himself by systematically helping others, in some way, or his life will become harder and meaner, his affections will become marbled, and he will be of no earthly use to the community in which he lives. In fact, he will make every foot of the land poorer and meaner despite his acquisitions, even if they mount into millions.

On the other hand, it makes a generous man more generous, a magnanimous man more magnanimous. Instead of cheapening the land, his presence raises its value, and he is the pride of the community, no matter how much money he possesses.

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Because the bank clearances of Los Angeles have increased 240 per cent. in the past five years, and in 1904 amounted to over \$345,000,000.

Because in the past five years Los Angeles as a business, industrial and financial center has outranked Denver, St. Joseph, St. Paul, Indianapolis, Toledo, Columbus, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Providence, Atlanta, Nashville, Memphis, Ft. Worth and Washington. Five years ago all these cities were her superiors, but she has outdistanced them all.

Because there is nothing in history that can compare with the rapid and substantial growth of Los Angeles in the past five years. Present assessed valuation, \$150,000,000.

Because Los Angeles has one of the best electric car systems in the world. It has 250 miles of track within the city limits, and 500 miles of interurban lines. Wages paid to employees by the electric railway companies, \$150,000 a month.

Because Los Angeles is a city of homes, and the cost of living is as low as in any other city of its size. To say nothing of the benefits of the perpetual spring climate, with its sunshine and flowers every day of the year.

Because Los Angeles is still growing (population increased 40,000 in the past 12 months), and will continue to grow until it becomes the largest city in the west, and one of the largest in the country.

Because Los Angeles is a delightful city to live in. It is the dream of half the people in the United States that they will soon make their future home here. It is a paradise on earth.

Because where people want to live they must build homes, and before they can build they must have building lots. That is why Los Angeles real estate is the best thing to invest your money in while it can be bought at reasonable prices. In a few years it will command two or three times its present price; then will be the time to sell and make a big profit on your investment.

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Don't Nag

If you wish to help the world a little in your
humble way.

Don't nag.

Your wife, if you're a husband, doubtless has
her faults, but—say—

Don't nag!

You may be too busy toiling for your little bit
of crust

To be able to lift others who are lying in the
dust,

But you still can help in making the world
brighter, if you just

Don't nag.

If you wish to give him courage who has
chosen you for life,

Don't nag;

If you wish to be his helper—and he'll need
help in the strife—

Don't nag.

He may have a few shortcomings—husbands
generally do—

And he may sometimes sit beaten when he
should have triumph, too,

But he'll rise with newer courage and new
strength if only you

Don't nag.

All around you there are others who have
painful wounds to nurse,

Don't nag;

Rubbing on the raw has ever and will always
make it worse.

Don't nag!

You can see your neighbor's foibles—all his
weaknesses are plain—

But, then, what's the use of prodding when it
cannot bring you gain?

Why add by a look or whisper to the world's
supply of pain?

Don't nag.

If she has her days for fretting, oh, be patient
then with her—

Don't nag.

If he makes mistakes remember it is human
still to err—

Don't nag.

You may not have strength to rescue the pale
ones whose burdens kill,

Or to lift the weary toilers who are stumbling
up the hill,

But you can refrain from making the world
sadder, if you will—

Don't nag!

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